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AN OVERSIGHT.

"WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THE BAG, MOSE?"

"ER—ER—HAM, SAH—DAT I BOUGHT DOWN AT DE VILLAGE, SAIL."

"A HAM, EH?—WHY DIDN'T YOU GET 'EM TO PLUCK THE TAIL-FEATHERS?"

· LIFE ·

INCORPORATED 1851.

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## An Old Book

THIS rare book of the olden day  
A dainty charm possesses;  
The ink is faint, the leaves are gray,  
And "f's" are used for "s's."

The poet sought to win some maid,  
He swore he loved her dearly,  
"Love's holy faint" she was, he said,  
And signed it "Moft sincerely."

And I believe the letters quaint  
The honest truth had spoken;  
He found, no doubt, love wholly faint  
When youth's bright dream was broken.

*Flavel Scott Mines.*

### PROBABLY A WATERBURY.

LAST December, while piloting some logs, a Maine lumberman lost his watch overboard near the mouth of the Penobscot River. He located the spot by landmarks on the bank, and intended to dredge for it the next day, but the river froze over, and he had to wait till the ice broke up. He was so fortunate as to find the watch when he dredged for it last week. When brought to the surface it was still ticking, and only a few minutes behind time. The owner explains this somewhat startling fact by stating that the watch lay on the bed of the river in such a position that the ebb and flow of the tide has wound it up every day. We remember reading in our geography that the tides down East were very remarkable; now we know it.

THE man who undertook to dress according to the thermometer this Spring wore a linen suit and carried a fur lined ulster.

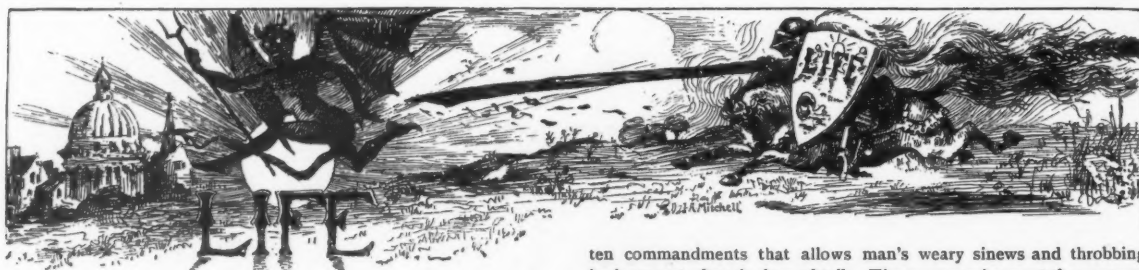


*Romeo Ferguson (the under one):* KIN YOU SEE HER ANYWHERE, JIMMY?

*Jimmy:* YES. SHE'S A SITTING' BY THE CHIMLEY CORNER!

*R. F.:* MAKE A SIGN TO HER AND SHOW HER THE ENVELOPE, BUT DON'T LET THE OLD FOLKS SEE YER DO IT!





"While there's Life there's Hope."

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OF all the respectable old fogies about town, there is not one for whom LIFE has a greater regard than for the venerable *Journal of Commerce*. As a composer of moral editorials, Editor Stone, in our opinion, decidedly outranks Mr. Childs, the moral editor of Philadelphia. Editor Stone's editorials are every bit as correct as Editor Childs', and they have rather more snap to them. Specimens of the work of both of these worthies lie before us this moment. No serious fault can be found with Editor Childs' disquisition on the art of "Drawing Happiness from Life." Work hard, he says, look on the bright side, and be unselfish, and you will be happy. But his literary style is not so terse as ours, for he takes nearly a column's space to say it. Editor Stone tells more stories in his editorials than Editor Childs does, which is doubtless one reason why we find them better reading.

NOW it is particularly handsome of LIFE to speak in this way about Editor Stone's literary manner, because the special exhibit of it that we have in hand treats of a matter in which LIFE'S interest is very fervent, and takes a view precisely the opposite of ours. The fact is that Editor Stone and his journal are against the proposition to open the Metropolitan Museum on Sundays. Mr. Stone says he has received a circular, signed by "a very respectable lady, the wife of \* \* a lawyer who has his office in Wall Street," asking him to sign a petition for the opening of the museum on Sundays. But he says he won't do it. He says that if the museum should be open it would not keep people out of disreputable resorts. He says, too, that it would be expensive, and that if once such places are allowed to be open on Sundays, working people will presently be required to work seven days a week. They do so now, he says, in Germany. Then he says:

Nothing stands in the way of seven days of toil anywhere in the world but what is called "a superstitious regard" for a divine revelation concerning the sacredness of one day in seven as a day of rest. The appointment of such a rest is as old as the race. It is the one of the

ten commandments that allows man's weary sinews and throbbing brain to rest after six days of toil. The women who want the museum open propose to expunge this requirement from the tablet into which it was cut by the finger of God. Open the places of amusement, first the libraries, then the reading rooms, then the museums of art; after that the theatres, and every low resort will follow. And then one by one the factories will open and the mills will begin to grind, and amusement will give place to weary unrelenting toil.

THAT is a pretty serious picture, and we have copied it here because it seems to embody the most serious argument that is raised against the opening of the museum. In LIFE'S opinion the deplorable results that Editor Stone apprehends from the proposed innovation will not follow. In LIFE'S opinion the opening of the Metropolitan Museum would tend rather to fulfill than to annul the commandment that "allows man's weary sinews and throbbing brain to rest after six days' toil."

It was not left to "the women who want the museum open" to amend the Mosaic method of keeping the fourth commandment. That was done many centuries ago by an authority whom Editor Stone will place above Moses, who declared in the face of objections as strenuous as those that Editor Stone raises now, that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. To the growing appreciation of this fact, and the resulting conviction that Sabbatarianism has no warrant in Christianity, is due another circumstance which Editor Stone has remarked, that "the immense body of those who are in the communion of our Protestant churches, have manifested the utmost indifference to the question" whether the museum is open or not. The pressure has all been from one side, in favor of the opening. There has been no serious manifestation of public feeling against it.

LIFE trusts that the inevitable result—the opening of the museum—will come soon enough for its results to be of use to help Editor Stone appreciate how little extreme Sabbatarianism really has to do with most of the wise observations and resulting benefit with which many worthy people still believe it to be inextricably mixed up.

IT is a question in the intellectual world whether the disappearance of the Dis Debar and the demise of the Blavatsky should, or should not be mentioned in the same bated breath.

SO Dr. Briggs is being tried for heresy. The question really at issue seems to be not so much whether Briggs's opinions can be reconciled with the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, as whether the Confession can be reconciled with Briggs.



"AND SO YOU ARE NOT MARRIED YET?"

"NO."

"ENGAGED?"

"NO."

"EXPECT TO BE?"

"NO."

"WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"WELL, PAPA SAYS THAT MY HUSBAND MUST BE A KEEN AND EXPERIENCED MAN OF GOOD HEALTH AND GOOD HABITS. MAMMA SAYS THAT HE MUST BE FRUGAL, INDUSTRIOUS, ATTENTIVE AND MORAL. AND I SAY THAT HE MUST BE HANDSOME, DASHING, TALENTED AND RICH. WE ARE STILL LOOKING FOR HIM."



## A STRAIGHT TIP.

"IS YOUR SISTER IN THE HOUSE, MISS DOROTHY?"  
 "YES, SHE IS; AND IF YOU'RE COMING OFTEN YOU'D BETTER HURRY UP AND PROPOSE, 'CAUSE I'VE NOTICED WITH ALL THE OTHERS WHEN IT GOES ON SO LONG IT NEVER COMES TO ANYTHING."

"I UNDERSTAND that Miss Passé was quite a belle once."  
 "Yes, indeed, with swarms of admirers."  
 "Why did she never marry?"  
 "Declined rapidly for several years—then heart failure set in."  
 "That was sad—but she seems to have reached a good age."  
 "Ah—but her admirers had the heart failure."

WEARY HUSBAND (*Sunday morning*): How long has that confounded bell been ringing?

WIFE: Since six.

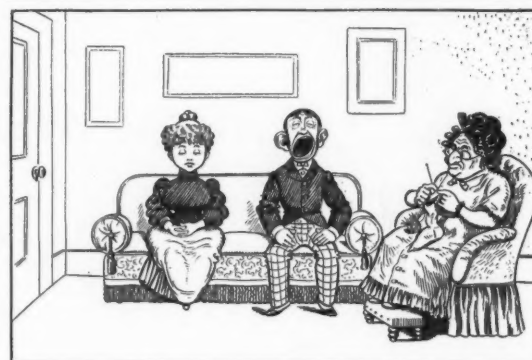
HUSBAND: Well, I guess I'll go to church this morning and see if I can't get a little sleep.

PROPRIETOR OF MENAGERIE: That's our last importation—a fine Austrian eagle.

VISITOR (*indignantly*): Do you think I'm a fool. *That* an Austrian eagle? Why, it's only got one head!

"WHY did your friend Bronson tire so quickly of art?"  
 "He said his palette couldn't supply his palate!"

## HOW THEY GOT RID OF MAMMA.





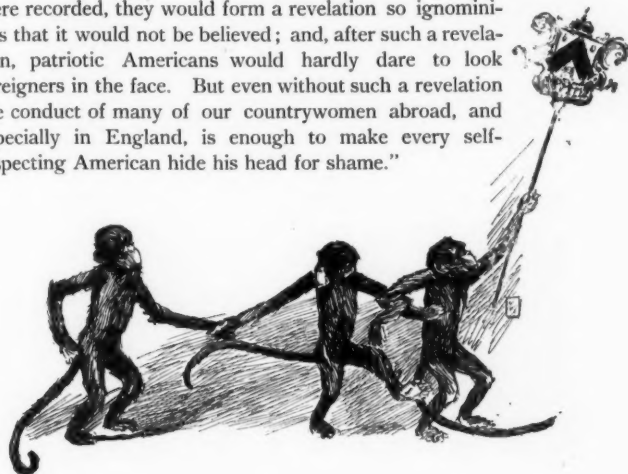
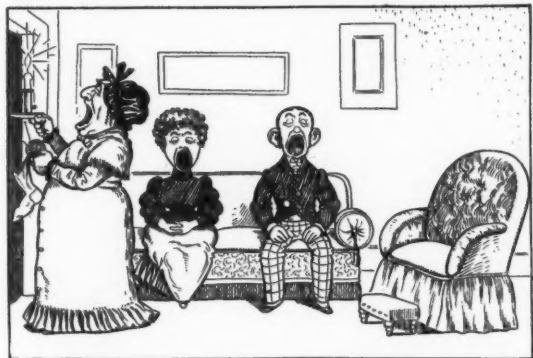
OUR PEERAGE.

THE fashionables in America do not seem to be making a deep impression upon the countrymen. This is much to be regretted, as several very well-dressed people have asserted more than once that an aristocracy is indispensable to a high state of civilization; and when a statement of this kind is made by a person who has attained prominence in fashionable society LIFE wants to believe it if it is a possible thing. Fashionable people are better dressed than the literary or scientific classes, and their utterances should have weight, but the ridicule which has so relentlessly attached itself to them in their diminutive past shows healthy signs of maintaining its grip for an indefinite period to come.

Once in awhile some sober-minded person discourses seriously upon them and prevents our forgetting what a solid mortification they are to the better class of Americans. Mr. Thomas Davidson, for instance, in *The Forum*, says:

"Thousands of American young men, of fair education and excellent possibilities, captivated by the pictures of English aristocratic life drawn in English novels, are learning to despise the simple, rational, useful life of the worthy American citizen, and to court consideration and vulgar popularity by adopting the habits, and leading the useless lives, of English lords. As is usual in such cases, the copy is a caricature of the original. The untitled American lord proves usually to be a vulgar creature, having to assert his self-conferred lordship by all that is most unattractive, most inhumane, and most un-American—and it is a good deal—in the English aristocrat. In England, aristocracy has no need to display or to obtrude itself; in America it can exist only by display and obtrusion. For this reason the American would-be nobleman must necessarily court attention and try to strike the vulgar imagination by the mere accidentals of aristocracy, such as any boorish Dives can command—houses, horses, turn-outs, yachts, opera boxes, and the like. And the vulgar are impressed by such things, bow down in servile reverence before them, and do their best to make a similar display."

"If all the sacrifices which degenerate American fathers and mothers have made to buy titled husbands for their daughters were recorded, they would form a revelation so ignominious that it would not be believed; and, after such a revelation, patriotic Americans would hardly dare to look foreigners in the face. But even without such a revelation the conduct of many of our countrywomen abroad, and especially in England, is enough to make every self-respecting American hide his head for shame."





## THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

"TIME brings strange reversals. There's poor old Henpeck, for instance, who married his typewriter."

"Well, where does the reversal come in?"

"Why, it was *he* who used to dictate."

## A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE.

"I TELL you what it is ovitch, Czarina," said the Czar, "you've got to stopoveki making angel cake-ovitches."

"Why soski?" asked the Czarina.

"Becauseovitch, that little bitoffi I ate last nightski made me dream that we had Georgeovitch Kennanowski here to dineovitch."

"Has he any fads?"

"Yes. One."

"What's that?"

"Himself."

## BOOKISHNESS

TWO MORE OF J. M. BARRIE'S BOOKS.

IF Stevenson had never invented the Suicide Club, J. M. Barrie would never have written his satirical skit on the Society for Doing Without Some People. It is one of the penalties of success that profit is assured you from things that would not of themselves command it, merely because of the momentum of the good thing you once did well, with all your heart. Because several thousand people like "The Window in Thrums," it is believed that they will buy this repulsive little story, which has been expanded by big type and short paragraphs into a book, called "Better Dead." It would demand a grotesque fancy like Stevenson's to make the story agreeable; Mr. Barrie has many fine qualities as a writer, but he is never grotesque. The introduction of real people of public importance as characters makes the satire merely a piece of cheap journalism, unworthy to be preserved with the author's other books.

READ, if you will, by contrast Mr. Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine"—a book that suggests but is very unlike "The Reveries of a Bachelor." The former is urban; the latter is provincial. A briar pipe filled with Arcadia Mixture starts the reveries in the one; a hearth fire, in the other.

The five bachelors in "My Lady Nicotine" seem to be utterly dissimilar in tastes and feelings—and have only one bond of union, their common love for the famous Arcadia Mixture. The solemnity with which they treat their pipes;



Harry: BO-HOO! BO-HOO. FREDDY JONES KEEPS HITTING ME.

Nurse: AN' WHY DON'T YOU HIT HIM BACK?

Harry: I DID HIT HIM FIRST AND IT DIDN'T DO ANY GOOD.

their assured superiority to everybody outside of the circle which knows and appreciates that mysterious brand of tobacco; the sentimental selfishness of their bachelor existence, and the delicate humor with which the quiet episodes are narrated—these are some of the charming qualities of the book.

But the crowning humor of it is that the story is told by one of their number who boldly announces in the first chapter that he has married, and his wife has won him from his pipe and his comrades. He cheaply moralizes on their enslavement, and then in reveries calls up the happy days when he smoked with them.

The closing chapter is a most subtle piece of writing. The narrator praises his constancy to his promise never to smoke again, and adds: "I have not even any craving for the Arcadia now, though it is a tobacco that should only be smoked by our greatest men." Then he confesses that when his wife is asleep and all the house is still, he sits with his empty briar



in his mouth, and listens to the taps of a pipe in the hands of a smoker (whom he has never seen) on the other side of the wall. "When the man through the wall lights up I put my cold pipe in my mouth and we have a quiet hour together."

*Droch.*

NEW BOOKS.

*GALLEGHHER, AND OTHER STORIES.* By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Spain and Morocco.* By Henry T. Finck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The Story of an Abduction.* By J. Van Lennep. Translation by Mrs. Clara Bell. New York: W. S. Gottsberger and Company.

*Ursula.* By Honoré de Balzac. Translation by Katharine Prescott Wormely. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

*One of Our Conquerors.* By George Meredith. Author's edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

*The Question of Copyright.* Compiled by George Haven Putnam. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Chansons Populaires de la France.* Edited with introduction and notes by Thomas Frederick Crane, A. M. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Looking Forward for Young Men.* By Rev. George Sumner Weaver, D. D. New York: Fowler and Wells Company.

*The Biography of Dio Lewis, A. M., M. D.* By Mary F. Eastman. New York: Fowler and Wells Company.

*The Hunting of the Shark.* By Lewis Carroll. New York: Macmillan and Company.

*Fanion the Cricket.* By George Sand. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

*The Philadelphian.* By Louis John Jennings, M. P. New York: Harper and Brothers.

*Criticism and Fiction.* By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

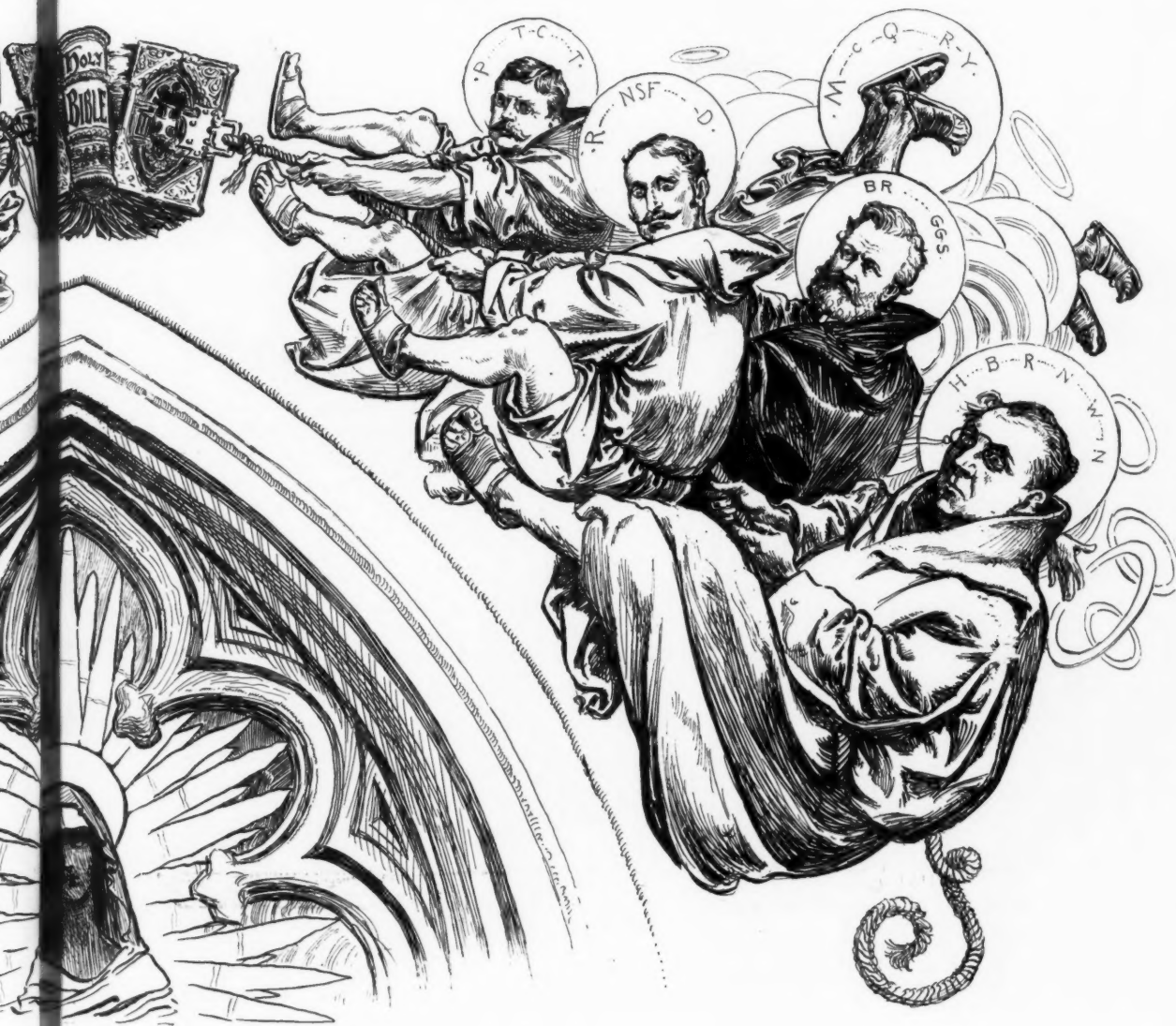
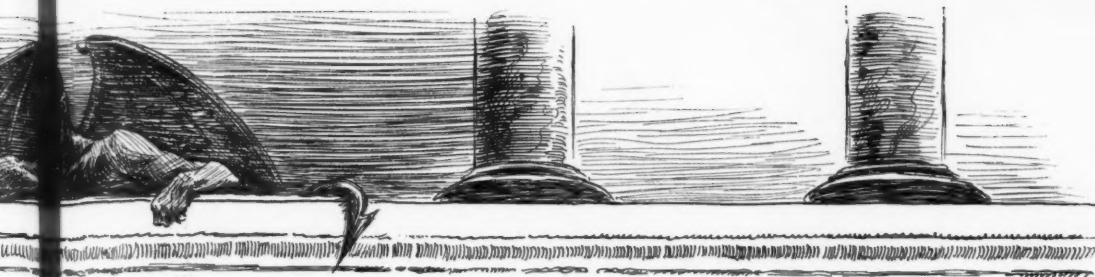
*A Box of Monkeys, and Other Farce Comedies.* By Grace Livingston Furnise. New York: Harper and Brothers.



*She:* HE IS CONNECTED WITH YOU IN SOME WAY BY MARRIAGE, ISN'T HE?  
*He:* YES. HE MARRIED MY fiancée.



INTERIOR DECORATION FOR T



FOR THE NEW CATHEDRAL.





## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"PRISONER, YOUR NAME?"  
 "PATRICK O'HARRAH."  
 "WHAT! BE CAREFUL OR I'LL LOCK YOU UP FOR PERJURY."  
 "THAT'S STRAIGHT, JUDGE. MY PARENTS ARE IN COURT AND CAN PROVE IT."

Mr. O'Harrah: SHURE, JEDGE, TH' BYE IS A TELLIN' AV TH' TROOTH. THIS IS MY WOIFE, REBECCA, AN' THEY DO SAY AS TH' BYE IS AFTHER LOOKIN' LOIKE HIS MITHER."

## PROPER DISCIPLINE.

**M**EET little Hennpect lay at the point of death. With streaming eyes the family had assembled about the bedside to hear his last sad words.

"John! John!" cried the weeping wife, "you *mustn't* leave me!" Slowly Hennpect's dimmed eyes sought her face and in an apologetic little voice he murmured meekly: "Just as *you* say, Maria, just as *you* say."

**E**NTHUSIASTIC FATHER: Don't you think I ought to make a Scientist of that boy of mine? I suppose you've noticed his way of going to the bottom of things?

TEACHER: Yes, I've noticed it about his classes.



*The Colonel (to young Mr. Brummel, who complains of ennui):* WELL, WHY DON'T YOU TRY GETTING MARRIED?

*Young Mr. Brummel:* AW—BUT THEN, MY DEAR COLONEL, MARRIAGE IS SO *beastly* common.



*Sophisticated Traveller:* WELL, HERE'S A SIGN OF SPRING.

#### A POEM OF THE SUBURBS.

THE moon rides bravely out to-night,  
Along her course of solemn blue;  
And 'cross her face, as if in jest,  
A wine-sweet wind from out the West,  
Puffs star-flecked clouds of fleecy hue.

Below, the streets are silver bright,  
And faintest footfall sounds afar.  
The branches of the leafless trees  
Are all a-whisper, and bend to tease  
The walks their ebony shadows mar.

In soldier files the street lamps gleam,  
And where they merge in one pale star,  
There fades a blur of sea green light,  
As if some wandering, restless sprite—  
"Great Scott! That must have been  
my car."

George W. Arnold, Jr.

#### THEATRE-GOERS' ENEMIES.

##### III.

JUST as every American citizen thinks he can run a newspaper, so every American newspaper man thinks he can write dramatic criticisms. Perhaps that is the reason why we have no real and serious dramatic criticism in this country.

It is hard to tell whether the American stage is going to the demnition bow-wows for lack of honest and intelligent criticism or whether there is no such thing as criticism because there is nothing on the American stage worth criticising.

Among the numerous persons in New York who claim the title of dramatic critic there are two or possibly three gentlemen entitled to the name. The others may be set down as theatre-goers' enemies.

They may be set down as theatre-goers' enemies because they are either venial or incompetent.

In only one case is it generally known that the veniality extends to the actual sale of the so-called critic's opinions for money. Of the individual who does this it is only fair to say

that he is generally despised by the journalistic fraternity. It is surprising that any newspaper with claims to respectability gives him the space to make public his marketed opinions.

The veniality which is the public's worst enemy is that which makes a dramatic writer place his salary above his convictions—that which will make him say what he knows to be untrue about a performance because he is bidden to do so by his employer. In these days of sharp competition it may seem quixotic to do any except the expedient thing; but let that writer who is not strictly honest—even to the point of folly—lay no claim to the title of critic.

Of incompetent critics a book might be written. Their incompetence is so varied. They lack experience, they lack taste, they lack the calm, judicial faculty, they lack some one or all of the things which, combined, go to make up that rarest of birds—the honest, able critic, the theatre-goers' and the stage's best friend.

Metcalfe.

THE REIGNING MONARCH—J. Pluvius.



## SINK OR SWIM.

THE Winter girl for months has reigned,  
But now her beauty waxes dim;  
Her power is waning, soon she'll find  
That she must either sink—or swim.

—New York Herald.

THE boy's fishing pole was fastened under the roof of a tree on the river bank yesterday, and he was sitting in the sun playing with a dog.

"Fishing?" inquired a man passing along the road.

"Yep," answered the boy as briefly.

"Nice dog you've got there. What's his name?"

"Fish."

"Fish? That's a queer name for a dog. What did you call him that for?"

"'Cause he won't bite."

Then the man proceeded on his way.—Washington Star.

PRESIDENT OF STREET RAILWAY: We are greatly in need of improvements in the cars and buildings of the company, but I don't know where the money is to come from. The company is poor.

SUPERINTENDENT: I tell you what the company might do. Borrow from the conductors.—America.

THE wife and daughter of a captain who is himself a man of education and who commands one of the largest ships owned in America, not long since accompanied him on a trip during which he visited various Russian ports. The mother is a woman of no cultivation, and her daughter unfortunately seems to have more of her mother in her than of her father. On their return to America, a lady who was calling on Mrs. Captain X. began to ask about the different ports which the ship had visited; but soon found that she could elicit little information.

"I can't say that I noticed much," Mrs. X. would reply. "I don't seem to remember much about all those places."

"But at least you must remember St. Petersburg," the caller said. "You were there a week, your husband told me."

"Oh yes, I remember St. Petersburg," was the reply. "It was there that Sadie and I finished our silk quilt. We just worked like beavers all the time we were in port, so that we could begin a new one when we started for home."—Boston Courier.

A GOOD many years ago, in Greene County, Ill., the Democratic party was divided, was badly split, and a politician was asked:

"What divides the Democratic party?"

"Well," said he, "there was an election for constable, and Joe Johnson was a candidate," and, says he, "the party is now divided between those who voted for Joe Johnson and are ashamed of it, and those who voted for Joe Johnson and don't care a d—."—Agronaut.

QUIZZEE: Why, there's a doctor in every other house on this street! How on earth do they all live?

FRANKLEE: They! Mercy! I've been wondering how we manage it.—Pharmaceutical Era.

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AND  
REFRESHING  
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